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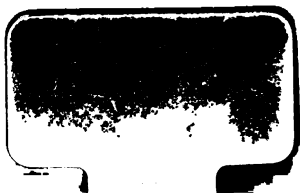
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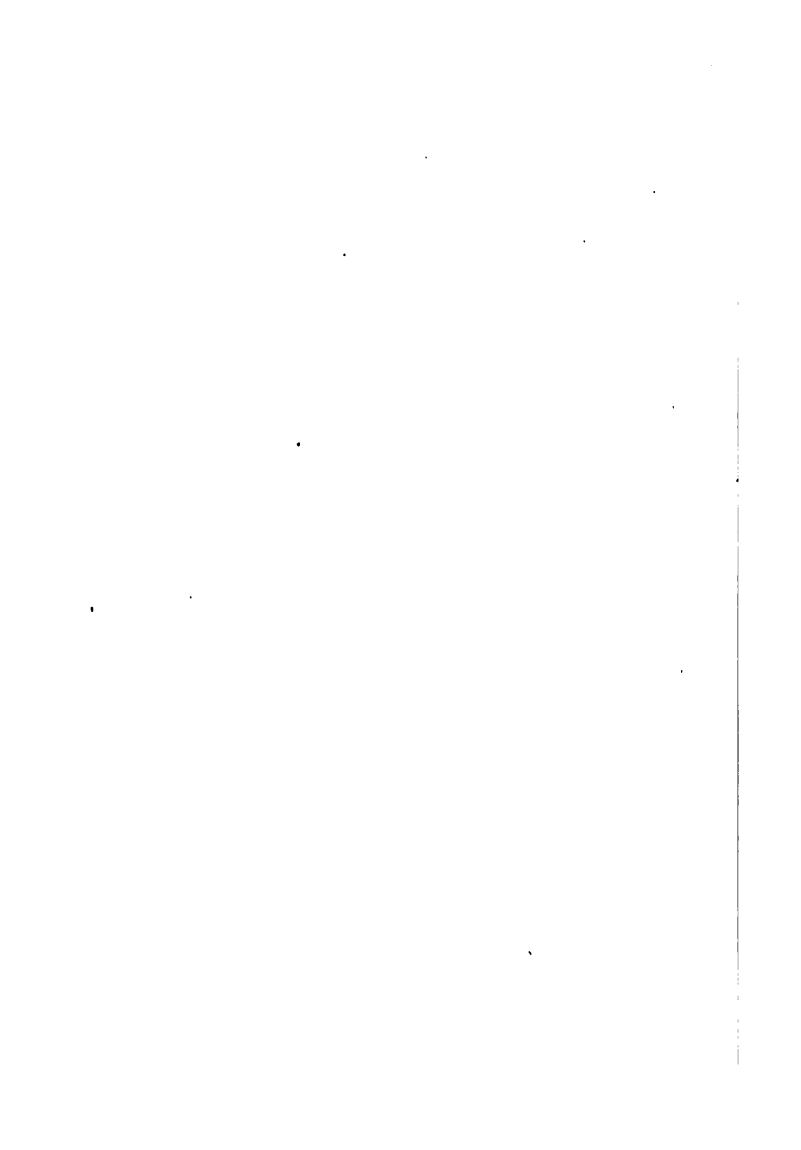
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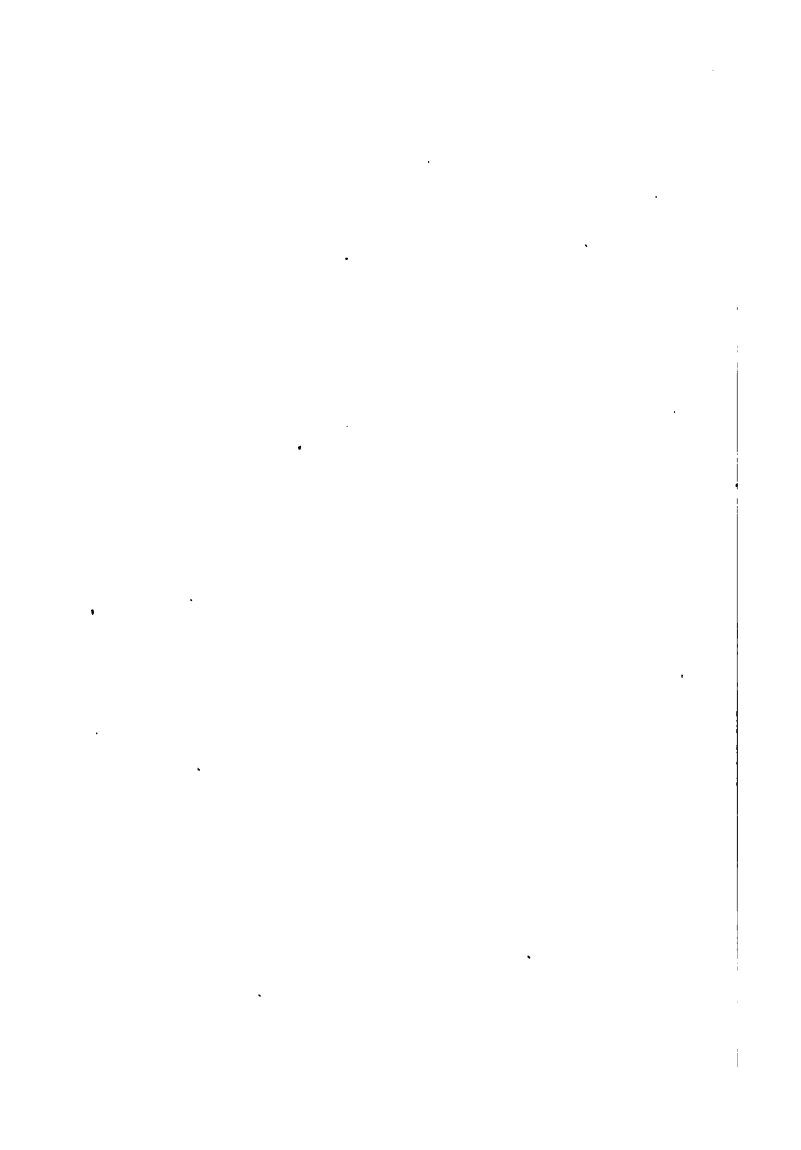
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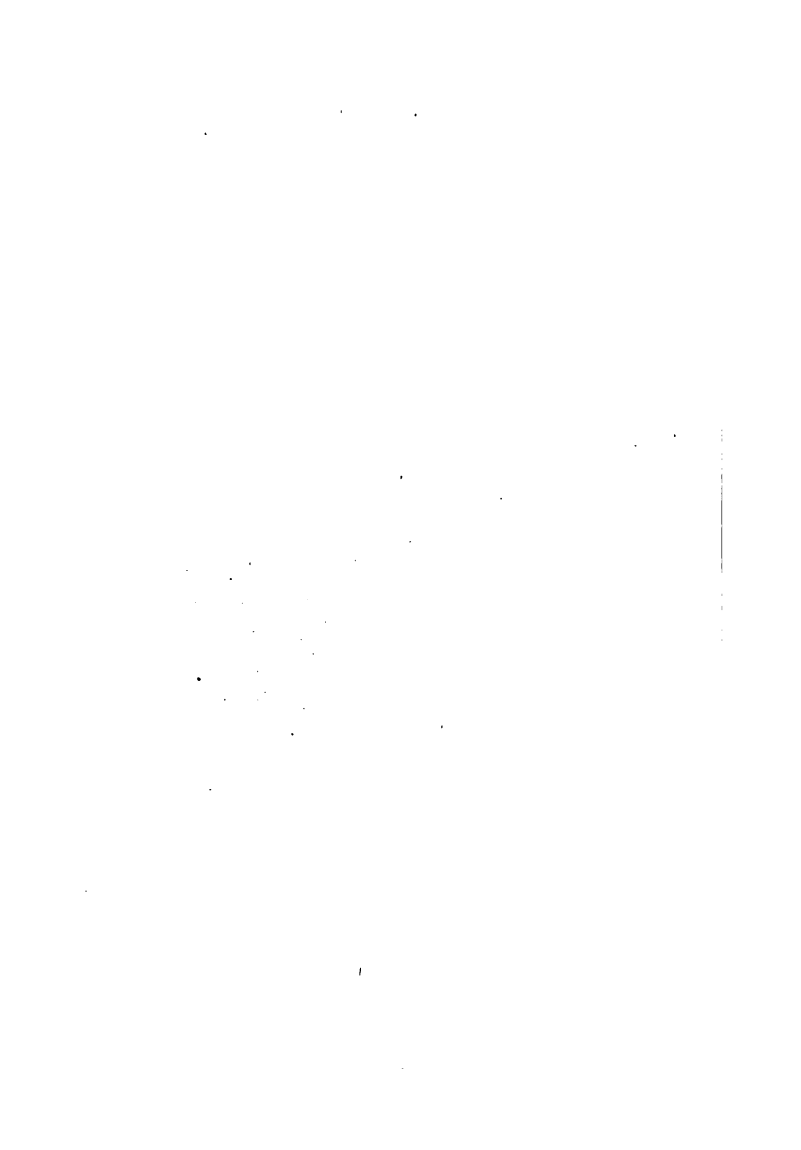
LENTEN
THOUGHTS.

47.931.









LENTEN THOUGHTS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES FURNEAUX.

Whatever profits may arise from the sale of this work will be
devoted to the purposes mentioned in the Preface.

Second Edition.



LONDON: F. & J. RIVINGTON.

DEVONPORT: H. V. HARRIS.

PLYMOUTH: E. NETTLETON; LIDSTONE. STONEHOUSE:
E. W. COLE.

1847.

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St. Aubyn-street.

Entered pursuant to 5 and 6 Vic. c. 45.

TO W. H. POLE CAREW, Esq., M. P.,

Of Antony House, Cornwall,

IN RECORD OF MORE THAN ONE BY-GONE, AND IN TESTI-

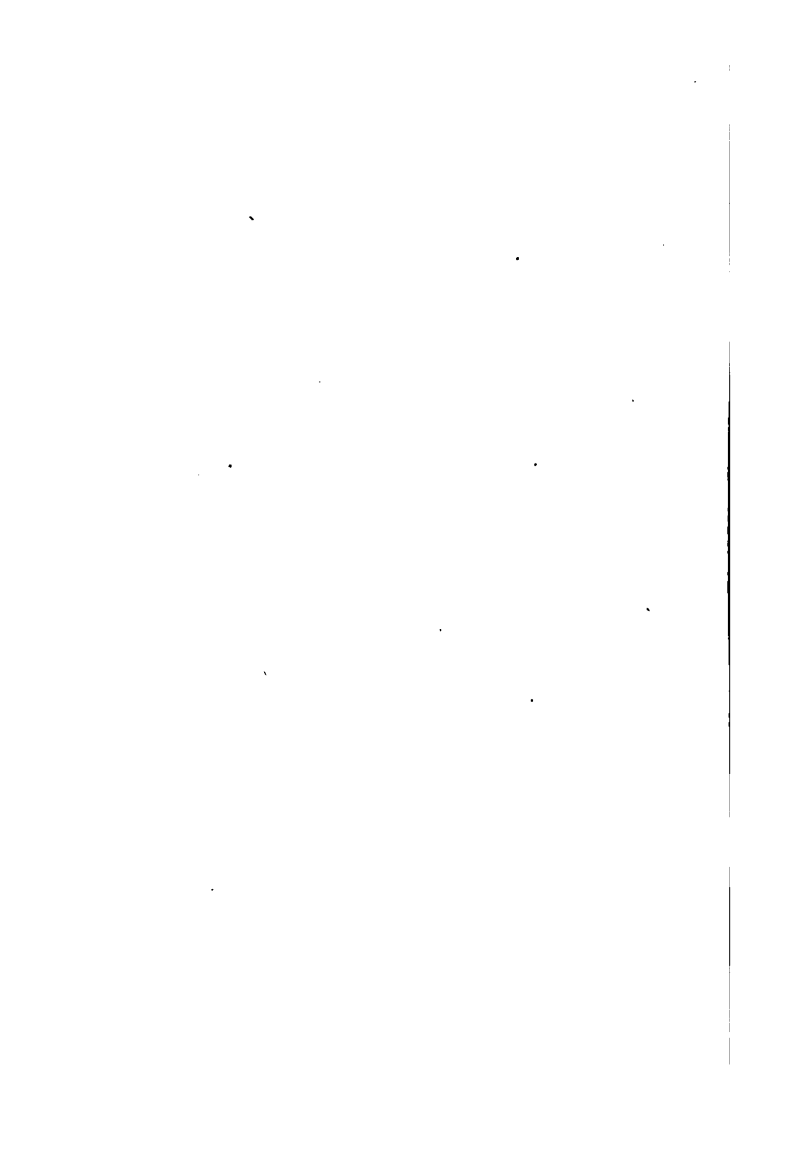
MONY OF EXISTING FRIENDSHIP,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT, AND A PROOF OF REGARD,

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE

TO SECOND EDITION.

I CANNOT allow a Second Edition of my little work to leave the press without gratefully acknowledging that the hopes which I ventured to express, a brief year since, have been in many points realized. My book has met with a kind reception, and that too in quarters where I little expected a favourable, or indeed any notice whatever. It has been in some degree the means of procuring sympathy and aid for the object I have in view. It has had the effect of strengthening old friendships and creating new ones; and if it has not done all that I could have wished, it has performed as much as I had any right to expect.

Any profits on this occasion will be disposed of in the same way as those of my first edition, in accor-

dance with the declaration in that preface; and I hope that those poems which I have now added to this collection may not be deemed unworthy of the same favour which has been so indulgently shewn to their companions.

J. F. .

Swilly, Devonport, Christmas Eve, 1846.

P R E F A C E

TO FIRST EDITION.

THE desire of advancing, in some measure at least, an object in which I have been long and deeply interested, viz :—the increase of Church room in my own Parish of Stoke Damerel, Devonport, is the cause of the publication of this little volume of Poems. Whatever profits may be derived from the sale will be devoted to this purpose, but as the sum arising from such a source must of necessity be very small, I subjoin a brief statement of our spiritual destitution in the hope that those who have both the will and the means may be thereby induced to assist in the undertaking to some further extent than by the mere purchase of this book, or the extension of its sale.

An appeal to the public through the ordinary channels of a circular or advertisement is but at the

best uncertain and ephemeral. The former may meet no eye but that of the individual to whom it is addressed, even when he may be in the company of those who would feel an interest where he has none; and an advertisement in the columns of a journal too often makes but a temporary impression. But wherever this little work may find its way, and (moderately speaking) at whatever distance of time, it will contain an appeal which for many years to come will be in full force. To provide *adequate* Church accommodation for the *Poor* of a population of 35,000 souls for whom there are not at this present moment 1000 *free sittings* (and a year ago not 300) must be a work of time, and especially when from a combination of circumstances the Parish is, for the extent of its population, the very poorest perhaps in England. Should therefore this statement meet the view of any desirous of extending the benefits of the Church amongst their poorer brethren at home, they may rest assured that their contributions will not be too late if remitted *five or even ten years after* the publication of this book; because, even if we should be permitted to fully repair existing deficiencies—and this is more than I dare hope—yet, as the Parish is rapidly increasing, additional efforts will then be requisite.

According to the census of 1841 the population of

Stoke Damerel amounted to 33,822, and may be now fairly estimated at 35,000. Of this number 20,000 are included within the trenches of the town of Devonport, and for their accommodation there are but *two proprietary Chapels* (exclusive of the Dock Yard Chapel erected for the use of that establishment) *in neither of which are there any free seats* out of the aisles, unless when those appropriated to the Sunday Schools happen to be vacant. In this part of the Parish it is proposed to build Four Churches under Sir R. PEEL'S Act.*

Computing the population of the outlying parts at 1,000, there remain no less than 14,000 persons residing in three districts immediately outside the north and north-east fortifications. At Morice-Town, or Newpassage, there are about 6,500 with *no Church* or licensed place of worship. Here one District Church is contemplated for 4,500, which will be wholly unequal to the accommodation of the *existing* inhabitants even; but how much more so will it be by the next census, when, owing to the new Steam Arsenal now in the course of erection by the Government, the

* The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have been compelled, owing to numerous similar claims, to reduce this number to three Districts. I hope however still to see four CHURCHES.

numbers there will most probably amount to 10,000. Lower Stoke with 3,000 souls has at its furthest extremity the disfigured and dilapidated Parish Church, which contains about 750 sittings, of which 400 are let for the purpose of procuring those funds which have been refused to be raised by a Church rate, 75 are appropriated to Sunday Schools, and the remaining 175 are free. Higher Stoke has 4,500 souls, with the newly erected Chapel of St. Michael, consecrated in August 1845, containing 1,200 sittings one-half of them free,—the debt upon which the Committee have not yet had it in their power to liquidate.

As words will but lengthen without strengthening this statement I will not longer obtrude upon the patience of the reader or endeavour to excite his feelings when I wish but to appeal to his sense of duty. Should any be induced to contribute any sum, however small, I will thankfully take charge of it if sent by letter; or, should it be preferred, if paid into the hands of Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., Bankers, Charing Cross, London, "to the credit of JAMES FURNEAUX, Esq. for the Devonport Churches."

As it may be expected that I should say something concerning the following Poems, I will add a few words on that head. Whilst one or two were written as much as ten, and several about five or six years ago,

the far larger part have been composed within the last three years. This will account for any difference in the conception, execution, or tone of the different pieces. I trust however that the object for which this little work is published will be deemed some excuse for its imperfections, and so disarm criticism of asperity.

J. F.

Swilly, Devonport, Jan. 1846.

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“Oh, reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as gentle thought will bring,
Then, gentle reader, you would find
A tale in every thing.”—WORDSWORTH.

LENTEN THOUGHTS,

&c.

ERRATA.

e 98, line 5, after "those" insert HEARTS.

" " 13, for "past" read JUST.

" " 17, for "Eurnurchus" read EUNURCHUS.

~~Mass cover my eyes, not with thine a guile,~~
But by thy blameless life, and priestly vow,
Kindly severe reproof, and winning smile;
And lo the elder serves the younger now!
Thanks to thy patient zeal and fervent love,
Partaking of the serpent and the dove.
St. Andrew, when he found th' Anointed One,
Straight called his brother,—and his brother came;
Guileless Nathanael honoured God the Son,—
But I long held me back in sloth and shame.
Dear Brother, at the Judgment may'st thou stand
With my saved soul, an offering, in thine hand.

2nd Sunday in Lent, 1844.

CHRISTIAN CONTRADICTIONS.

THE brightest colours of a Christian's life
 Spring, like the rainbow's beauty, all from tears ;
 His very peace is only gained by strife,
 And all his hopes originate in fears.
 The merry with bent earth-ward look appears,
 The sorrowful hath upward gazing eyes ;
 And when they are most filled with blinding tears,
 Most plainly Heaven before their vision lies ;
 And when the mourning heart is sad and lone,
 The Holy Comforter is most its own:
 Then, Lord, Thy Cross upon our shoulders bind,
 Grant us to bear it, too, as Thou hast borne,
 And passing through life's chastening Lent to find
 Death but the dawning of an Eastern morn.

Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 21st, 1844.

CHRISTIAN TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE patriarch Abraham sins
 For want of faith, yet he,
 As Father of the faithful, wins
 A glorious destiny.

He leaves fair Sion's towers,
 The persecutor Saul,
 Who stands, when round the tempest lowers,
 Evangelizing Paul.

The Son of Thunder proves
 The Son of Love at last,
 And Barnabas consoling moves
 His sharp contention past.

The coward boaster, he
 Who thrice his Lord denies,
 In boldness and humility
 On cross inverted dies.

Oh wond'rous power is Thine
 To change the human heart,
 And make that fitted for Thy shrine
 Which played the worldling's part.

Temper my zeal with love,
 Let both my heart embalm ;
 So shall I onward learn to move,
 Unflinching and yet calm.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

LITTLE child, with thoughtful eye,
 Gazing on the clear blue sky,
 Is thy look enraptured sent
 To the star-filled firmament,
 In the vain attempt to spy
 Into that great mystery ?

Do those sparkling gems of night
 Fill thy mind with calm delight,
 And do silent thoughts arise
 From the vision of thine eyes,—
 Thoughts like to the moon-beam's sheen,
 Brooding o'er some peaceful scene,
 Thoughts that like the rolling thunder
 Fill the mind with awe and wonder,
 Thoughts that die in the imparting,
 Inconceivably upstarting,
 Thoughts within themselves concealed,
 Thoughts that may not be revealed?

Little child, with earnest eye
 Fixed in thoughtful vacancy,
 With parted lips and upturned face,
 A model for true infant grace,
 What seest thou in the silent air,—
 Is thy "angel" hovering there;
 Is the spirit sent to keep
 Thy innocence through watch and sleep,
 Leading on thy upward sight
 To his relinquished home of light,
 Striving, in his guardian love,
 To train thy thoughts to things above,
 In the hope thy soul to win
 From this weary world of sin?
 If thy thoughts are not too full,
 If worldly sounds are not too dull,
 Little child I'll read to thee
 A lesson in Astronomy.

Mark the gentle moon careering
 Where yon fleecy mists are veering,
 Whether sailing o'er a cloud,
 Or beneath its sable shroud,
 Still she moves with equal grace,
 With undisturbed majestic pace.
 Little child, in coming years
 Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 Each will hold thee in their thrall,—
 Gently, calmly, bear them all.

Little child, each world above
 Is like that on which we move,
 (For the world in which we are
 Is but in itself a star)
 And each star within our ken
 Is filled, may be, with mortal men,
 To each of whom is giv'n a soul
 Subjected to its controul,
 To each soul a guardian spirit
 Sent to minister to it;
 And yet each orb, man, soul, and spright
 Is ever in th' Almighty's sight.

Little child of early days,
 Thine's the time for prayer and praise,
 When thou gazest on the sky
 Lift thy little heart on high,
 For thy angel waits in air,
 To waft on high thy simple prayer,
 And offer it with millions, where
 There is no more of sin or care.

Lent, 1844.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—WORDSWORTH.

THE air is clear, the sky is bright,
The blackbird trills his lay,
The sunshine sheds a gentle light,
A sweet foretaste of May,
And the river leaps along,
Chanting Spring's thanksgiving song.

Here too the silver snowdrop gleams,
And the golden crocus glows, [beams,
And the primrose pale, with her starlike
'Neath the sheltering moss-bank blows ;
Then here a page I read with thee
In a Churchman's book of Botany.

Thou first-born of the wintry year,*
Sent man's drooping heart to cheer,
To whisper forth thy artless tale,
How little fierce assaults prevail
'Gainst him who dwells enshrined, like thee,
In a bright robe of purity !
But we cast thee on the stream,
Snowdrop of the silver gleam,
What have we to do with thee,
Or Baptismal purity ?

* "Thou first-born of the year's delight."—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

And thou, arrayed in lustrous glory,
 Thou dost tell a deeper story,
 Bright harbinger of better things
 'Bove our weak imaginings.
 What the mind can ne'er conceive,
 What the heart can scarce believe,
 What the eye now cannot see,
 We may learn, in faith, of thee !
 But we cast thee on the flow,
 Crocus of the golden glow,
 What have we to do with thee,
 Or perfected purity ?

Thou art not clad in virgin white,
 Nor in rich robes of golden light,
 Pale primrose, giving to our view
 A something of a middle hue;
 For thou dost shine midway between
 The snowdrop's gleam and crocus sheen.

And thus with him who strives to win
 The path from which he strayed to sin ;
 Who, fallen from Baptismal grace,
 Tries to regain his forfeit place ;
 And having steeped his after years
 In the Baptismal Font of tears,
 Hopes his wasted powers to strengthen
 Ere life's evening shadows lengthen,
 And at last his robes to brighten
 Where the rays of Heaven lighten,

Which may lend him of their glow
While he sojourneth below.

We'll not cast thee on the stream,
Primrose of the starlike beam.
We'll not cast thee,—no, not we,—
We're too much akin to thee.

Lent, 1844.

ONE gorgeous eve, when nearly all was still
To which night offers rest, I wandered forth
By the bold banks of the impetuous Dart.
And there, beneath a spreading oak (whose limbs,
Checking the slanted rays of daylight's orb,
Were plainly mirrored on the eddying calm
Of rock impeded waters,) I espied
A fisherman, who with deceptive fly
His crafty sport pursued. The unseen breeze,
Which like a wild-bird's shivering pinion kissed
The placid surface, bore the feathered hook
Into the middle stream. The angler watched
With eager eye and patient hand its course,
And as it reached the mimic whirlpool, forth
From its safe hiding place with vigorous leap
Sprang the unwary fish,—and met its doom.
I watched its parting life, and saw its sides,
Rich with bright crimson spots, convulsive heave,
As with fast failing ineffectual strength
It tried to reach its former element.

And thus, thought I, upon the stream of life
 Man, discontented with what God has given,
 Grasps at the gilded bait which Satan holds;
 And in his direst need's extremest hour
 Strives to regain his long lost innocence.

A LITTLE child, whose mire bedabbled dress
 Still somewhat sheweth of past cleanliness,
 Seated beside a calm pellucid stream,
 Whose gentle tide it seeketh to repress
 And turn aside with heaped up filth, I seem.
 Ah me! this is no visionary dream:
 Long years I spent in stemming back with sin
 The onward flow of Christ's Redeeming Grace,
 Which o'er my soul still strove to enter in,
 And rising, with the rising dam kept pace
 Until it almost flowed back to its source.
 Then with a gradual lapse the bank gave way,
 And the stream found again its ancient course.
 O Lord! forgive me in the Judgment Day.

1st Sunday in Lent, 1844.

HOME.

HOME! what a host of thronging thought
 And feeling rushes o'er my brain;
 How swells my heart with pleasure fraught,
 How sinks it overwhelmed with pain.

I see suspended on thy walls
 Portraits of owners passed away :
 And my fond memory recalls
 Faces that cheered life's early day.

I've heard the sounds of joyous mirth
 Re-echo from thy vaulted dome ;
 I've heard low wails around thy hearth
 For those whose grave is now their home.

God's blessing on thee, then, my Home,
 Thou centre of my fond desires,
 Home of successors yet to come,
 Home of my long departed sires.

Home of my heart, my hopes, my friends,
 Home of my never changing love,
 Home of my life, where'er it ends,
 Home of my death,—oh may'st thou prove !



ON LEAVING HOME.

SWEET scenes of childhood, fare ye well,
 Wherever I may roam ;
 Each wood-crowned knoll and shady dell
 Shall call to mind my Home !

And memory's flattering glass reflect
 Each well-remembered view,
 Enhance each charm, gloss each defect,
 And I believe it true.

ON A SKYLARK AND THRUSH SINGING
 AS IF IN RIVALRY.

At the first blush of dawn
 Above his odorous bed, 'mid jewelled flowers
 Drinking the dewy sunlight of the lawn,
 The wakeful Skylark towers :
 Poised in the radiance of yon golden cloud,
 The unseen songster pours
 His orisons aloud.

From that low spiry broom
 Hark to the rival efforts of the Thrush
 Hid 'mid the gleamings of its golden bloom :
 The undulating gush
 Of his rich flute-like music soars on high
 To meet the eager rush
 Of downward melody.

Lulled by their pleasing notes
 I wander onward rich in musings : clear
 And full and sweet their joyous anthem floats
 To my delighted ear,

'Tis hushed,—the charm is broken,—and each
 thought
 Dies on the passing air
 With the last cadence fraught.

And thus to us is given
 To send from mortal lips our earth-born song,
 Up through the far blue distances of heaven,
 To float the stars among,
 And mingle with those raptured strains that spring
 From the angelic quire
 Upborne on radiant wing.

TO A SKYLARK.

AH ! art thou there high poised on radiant wing,
 Pouring thy voice's fullness all abroad
 Throughout the "upper deep," so lavishing
 And yet so easeful, to the throne of God.

Whilst thou wert here on earth thy silent throat
 No music gave, for earthly cares had bound thee,
 But now on towering wing and rising note,
 With morning's dewy freshness breathing round thee,

'Bove the white lightning of the torrent's brow,
 'Bove plain and mountain, vale and verdurous
 forest,
 'Bove the loud thunder of the ocean's flow,
 Far above earth and earthy things thou soarest.

A small dark spot set in the burnished gold
 Of the sun's herald cloud thou seem'st to be,
 Should my strained eyes one moment lose their hold
 Thy voice alone can guide them back to thee.

Smaller and smaller growest thou, thy flight
 I can no longer follow, still I hear
 Thy voice, the promise of returning sight,
 Falling distinctly on my list'ning ear.

* * * * *

* * * * *

What dost thou here again, what joys for thee,
 Like those thou leavest, can on earth be given ?
 Alas, poor bird ! much thou resemblest me,—
 My wings too weary when I'd soar to heaven.

Thou, who as on this day did'st quit the gaze
 Of thine Apostles, teach us evermore
 To listen for Thy voice in all our ways,
 That whilst on earth above it we may soar.

Ascension Day, May 1, 1845.

'Tis sweet to see the Lark at matin prime,
 Mounting aloft in joyous revellings,
 And showering music from his thrilling wings
 Soon as the sun-rays o'er the hill-top climb.
 And yet perchance will many a thoughtful mind,
 In faith not sight, from the meek nightingale,
 Courting concealment as she tells her tale,
 Far more of sweetness and instruction find.
 But oftentimes to me with grief oppress,
 And half-subdued repinings in my breast,
 'Tis sweeter still to hear the undersong
 Of Nature chanting her mysterious hymn
 In ceaseless adoration, whilst the dim
 And noiseless twilight steals the vale along.

Lent, 1844.

A HYMN.

O LORD, who hast vouchsafed to say
 Thou wilt be present when we pray,
 Our faith is weak, some token give,
 Some sign that we may see yet live.

We think thee with us, let us know
 The presence of our God below,
 But come, Thy form in pity veiled,
 Lest we with terror be assailed.

Come not enveloped in the shock
 Of whirlwinds rending rock from rock,
 Ride not upon the earthquake's ire,
 Appear not heralded by fire.

Embodied in the "still small voice"
 Bring comfort, bid our hearts rejoice,
 And gently steal upon the soul,
 Subjecting it to Thy controul.

Yes, all invisible descend,
 Thy silent wings o'er us extend,
 Give us those joys that never cease,
 The balmy dew of inward peace.



ON A SUMMER'S EVE IN MOUNT
 EDGCUMBE PARK.

EVE, on purple wings descending,
 Day's dying light
 With coming night
 In gradual shades is blending.
 The sun still lingers in the west,
 As loth to quit a scene so blest,
 While sailing up the cloudless sky,
 The eager moon is floating high.

Like to a wearied giant's rest
 Without motion
 Hoary ocean
 Slumbers ; and his placid breast
 Which scarce, by day, reflected gave
 The object nearest to the wave,
 Each distant star now mirrors clear
 That twinkles in the hemisphere.

Hark to the wandering melody !
 How sweet each note
 From yonder boat
 Swells o'er the list'ning sea.
 Like fabled mermaids' strains of yore,
 It winds along the rocky shore,
 Now rising o'er the wooded brow,
 Now nestling in the vale below.

The Nautilus, frail mariner,
 Which danger flies
 If storms arise,
 When all is calm will re-appear.
 So, when the tumults of the day
 Hold o'er the mind despotic sway,
 Will dove-eyed contemplation shun
 The heart with worldly cares o'errun,
 But sweet repose on the breast,
 When night brings thought, and thought
 brings rest.

LOUDLY ring the village bells,
 What says their pealing tone ?
 Alas ! alas ! it plainly tells
 Another week has flown.

It says another week has sped,
 Another is beginning,
 By one week have we neared the dead,—
 Have we increased in sinning ?

Be wise then, Christians, time doth flee,
 Oh ! take the warning given,
 Let each revolving Sunday see
 Us one week nearer heaven.

Lent, 1844.

A VISION.

I saw two rivers :—One was dark and deep,
 And in impetuous course it raged against
 Th' opposing banks, and sought a headlong path
 O'er every obstacle. The other calm and clear,
 Meandering with its soft winding waters
 Through verdant meads, oft wove itself delays*
 'Mid flowery fields and pastures ; till, as it were,

* " Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
 Necit in omni."—GRAY.

Half shrinking, half confiding, it entrusted
 Its gentle waters to the ruder stream.
 Onward they rolled as one, until they reached
 The ocean's boundless waste,—I saw no more.

Would, Lady, that thy fate were joined to mine,
 E'en as those rivers, that our course might glide
 Together onward to Eternity.
 But no, it may not, must not, cannot be,
 Thy pure unruffled stream of life will flow
 More calmly if it be unmixed with mine.
 Then wander onward on thy gentle way,
 I scarce dare wish to mar thy fate by mine.

ON PRESENTING A LADY WITH THE FIRST
 LILIES OF THE YEAR.

LADY, the flowers I give to thee
 Are emblems of thy purity.
 Like thee, they shun the gaudy throng,
 Like thee, they dwell the shades among,
 Like thee, are fit with equal bloom
 To deck the shades or festive room.
 To both devoid of guileful arts
 Nature her simple charms imparts.
 I, from my garden's sheltered nook,
 These drooping lilies rudely took,
 Which you, while sweet and fresh, will cherish,
 When faded, cast aside to perish.

But oh, may no such fate invade
 The calm sequestered happy shade
 In which like these you love to dwell,
 Casting a sweet domestic spell.
 May he who'll call thee all his own,
 Love thee when outward charms are flown,
 And prize thee for thy worth alone.
 Surely he will if thou art kind,
 And gentle, cheerful, pure in mind
 As now, when I present to thee
 These modest lilies plucked by me.

And when that time shall wait on thee
 Which waits us from our birth,
 That time which a wise Deity
 Has hid from all on earth,

That time when sickness from thy face
 Shall chase its present bloom,
 And death shall banish every grace,
 And lead thee to the tomb.

Oh, may that hour, to us so dim,
 To thee a bright one be,
 And may that spirit prove to Him,
 Pure as it seems to me.

"THE HOPE THAT IS IN US."

BRIGHT Hope, thou ivy of our hearts,
 I love thy mantling green ;
 It to my wearied soul imparts
 A never fading sheen.

E'en now I feel
 Thy waving tresses
 Over me steal
 In soft caresses,
 Fanning within my listless frame
 Love's embers to a gentle flame.

To thee oft harrassed Faith retreats
 From boisterous blast and wintry cold,
 When faint and weary she repeats
 The watchwords of the saints of old.
 And thus refreshed,
 With steadfast eye
 Watches the storm
 Go wailing by,
 Then breasting forth on strengthened wings,
 Mounts upward to the King of kings.

What though the ivy's growing grasp
 Oft kills the oak that bears it ?
 Oh thus may Hope with gradual clasp
 Enshrine the heart that wears it.

Yes, let me die
 With ivy round me,
 Embalmed in green
 As Hope hath bound me,
 So that I find when time has fled,
 'Tis I that live and Hope that's dead.*

THE grey-eyed mist comes floating down the dale
 On noiseless wings,
 Enshrouding in its calm refreshing veil
 All wearied things.
 The languid flower
 That scarce had power
 To rear its withered stem,
 Now bathed in dew,
 Erects anew
 Its brilliant diadem.

When sick of sin, worn out with watchful grief,
 The soul reclining
 Droops listlessly, oft comes there sweet relief
 Light softly shining,

* "Hope that is seen is not hope."—Rom. viii. 24.

Enfolding all
 Within its thrall
 That lately seemed so dreary.
 The lamp of love
 A light doth prove
 To guide us when we weary.

Lent, March 1844.

ON THE DEATH OF MY EARLIEST FRIEND
 AND SCHOOLFELLOW, F. R. E.

I MOURN the bright sunshine of summer departed,
 I mourn the lost verdure of greenwood and dale,
 I mourn as I mark the sere yellow leaf started
 From the withering bough by the boisterous gale,
 I mourn as I think thou art gone, the warm hearted,
 First friend of my boyhood in woe and in weal.

Yet spring will return and regain its sweets taken,
 And revel anew in its beauty and bloom,
 And I may delight in the fragancy shaken
 From the rose or the violet rich^d in perfume.
 But thou sleep'st thy long sleep, and will never awaken
 'Till the last trumpet summon thee forth from the
 tomb.

But why should I mourn, since each flower renewing
 Its bright painted tints, each re-flourishing tree,

And each joyous bird its swift course pursuing,
 As it wantons in air, are but emblems of thee ?
 Then sweet be thy slumber and calm, till the ruin
 Of this dreary world shall restore thee to me.

ON HEARING A CHILD WISH IT WERE
 A MAN.

SWEET child, so happy, fair, and gay,
 Thine is no wearing sorrow,
 Thou hast no care beyond to-day,
 No joy beyond to-morrow.

Time hath not scattered o'er thy brow
 The promise of the grave,
 For all unblanched thy ringlets now
 In youthful beauty wave.

Care broods not o'er thy joyous mind,
 Grief dwells not in thy breast,
 And keen-eyed conscience cannot find
 A cause to break thy rest.

In thy pure heart is seen no guile,
 In thy bright eye no tear ;
 But aye the spirit of a smile,
 Reposes calmly there:

And as I watch each infant grace,
 To me 'tis almost given
 Thy spirit's pathway to retrace
 Up to its kindred heaven.

Yet short will be thy stay of joy
 'Mid childhood's blissful band,
 Thou may'st not always be a boy,
 And years will hail thee—man.

When sin thy purity of soul
 Shall dim, or fell disease
 Thy wasted body shall controul,
 And bid all pleasures cease ;

When years and thought shall on thy brow
 Of careworn manhood reign,
 Sweet child, like me, 'tis then that thou
 Would'st be a boy again.

Yet if thou strivest to be such
 In heart as thou art now,
 Both Time and Care may lay their touch
 Less hardly on thy brow.

Christ guard thee then thro' life's dark wilds,
 And may the future see
 Thy form a man's, thy heart a child's,
 As a Christian man's should be.

RETRIBUTION.

"As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women."—1 SAMUEL XV. 23.

OH woe to sin, and therefore woe to me !
 God ever punishes though He forgive.
 Oh, who would dare to sin could he foresee
 Stern Retribution (who would cease to live
 But for man's crimes) avenging one by one
 Each evil thought and word and action done.
 Let him who thinks of sin mark David's fall,
 His penitence and punishment, his flight,
 The never failing sword, and most of all
 His secret sin repaid in Israel's sight.
 When all his visitations I recal
 (The man of God's own heart) a fearful light
 Across my shuddering memory seems to creep,
 I think upon my secret sins—and weep.

Lent, Feb. 1844.

NUNQUAM MINUS SOLUS QUAM CUM SOLUS.

Who says I am alone ? When thought
 Her mantle round me flings,
 And I hold commune with my heart
 In silent wanderings,
 When conscience like a trodden worm,
 Regardless of my groan,
 Will turn and sting its injurer—
 Who says I am alone ?

When hushed at midnight's awful hour
 All nature round me lies,
 Or when earth groans in wild affright
 And tumults fill the skies,
 'Tis then the feelings of my heart
 A holier influence own,
 I lowly bow my humbled head—
 Who says I am alone ?

When on those starry worlds I gaze
 The sun erst hid from sight,
 And hear (unheard throughout the day)
 Like childhood's wild delight
 The music of the joyous stream
 That to th' opposing stone
 Prattles its child-like melody—
 Who says I am alone ?

When God, in terror clad and storm,
 Rides on the whirlwind's ire,
 His canopy the thunder cloud,
 His footstool fluid fire.
 When, strong in wrath, His volleying arm
 From His insulted Throne
 Hurls desolation all around—
 Who says I am alone ?

ON THE CLOSE OF KENT'S ANTHEM FROM
THE 29th PSALM.

"Peace, Peace, Peace, the Lord shall give His people the blessing of Peace."

PROCEED, sweet music, for my soul is wending
On viewless wings its way to other spheres,
Buoyed up on floating wreaths of sound ascending,
It struggles through the mist of sin-spent years.

Prostrate before Jehovah's Throne I lie,
No uttered prayer my silent lips dispart,
Yet something is outpouring gushingly
From the deep-welled recesses of my heart.

Proceed, sweet music, for the Spirit's gifts
Have come in dove-like forms and shapes of fire,
What if it should be that which now uplifts
My soul above the flights of low desire?

Oh wondrous bliss ! for all entranced I lie
Upon the blooming verge of Paradise,
And am foretasting with enraptured eye
Its half seen joys mixed up with mysteries.

Sweet music, cease, I cannot longer bear
The light that bursts on my bewildered soul,
That light embodied in the very air
Now wafting me beyond my own controul.

Not with a sudden, but declining strain,
With long drawn cadences of dying ease
All gently lower me to earth again,
Cease, cease, sweet music, gradually cease.

NETLEY ABBEY, BY MOONLIGHT.

THOUGH time may have wronged thee, yet still he atones
For the splendour of which he's bereft thee,
And where'er he has filched from thy crumbling stones
Some beauties his fingers have left thee.

And nature, who pities art's dying decay,
With ivy has mantled thy walls,
And her trees and her flowers in gentle wind play
As it wanders along thy old halls.

What though thou art roofless and to the storm's blast
Art exposed unprotected and bare?
More freely the beams of the Moonlight are cast
To brood o'er thy ruins so fair.

I have peopled, in fancy, thy halls as of yore,
I have rebuilt thy mouldering quire,
And have heard, sweetly floating along thy wild shore,
The hymns which religion inspire.

But sweeter and dearer to me is the peace
 Which thy silent seclusion imparts,
 For much it resembles the meek holiness
 Which is shed over suffering hearts.

LIFT not the veil too soon,
 Lest I be startled at the vision given,
 And turn in terror from the proffered boon,
 And so lose Heaven.

But gradually disclose,
 Each one by one, my crosses to be borne,
 So shall I learn to strive for Eden's rose,
 Fearing no thorn:

Had holy Peter's eye
 Foreseen the shadowings of his coming years,
 He would have shrunk, o'erwhelmed in agony
 Of doubts and fears,

And dread of stripes and chains,
 Of houseless wanderings, contempt and scorn,
 And death's sharp, lingering, solitary pains,
 All to be borne.

But onward, hour by hour
 And year by year, the Cross still lured him on,
 And whilst he doubted if he should have power—
 The goal was won.

COMMENCED ON THE LAST DAY (SUNDAY)
OF THE YEAR 1843, AND COMPLETED ON
THE FIRST OF 1844.

A NEW week has commenced to-day,
And coming on in close array
See another day and year,
Notches on Time's tally here.

Old year, thou hast seen me languish
'Neath sickness sore and mental anguish,
For, old year, thou'st brought to me
Much of grief and misery ;
Much of grief for worldly things,
Vainly loved imaginings,
Much of misery for sin
Sorrowed o'er, persisted in.
Yes, thou hast witnessed many a vow
Firmly made, forgotten now,
Bold resolutions, really meant,
Departing from their first intent,
'Till by self-love could scarce be seen
A trace of what they once had been.

Lord, by Thy Mother's holy day,
Thy Natal morn just passed away,
Thy morrow's Feast of tears and blood,
Thy Baptism in Jordan's flood,
Thy lonely Lent, Temptations three,
Thy bloody Sweat and Agony,

Thy Passion, Cross, degraded Doom,
 Thy three days resting in the Tomb,
 Thy Rising, Thy Ascent to Heaven,
 And by Thy Holy Spirit, given
 To all who come in faith to Thee,
 From my past self deliver me.

The clock strikes twelve, the bound is past
 Which separates this year and last.
 With contrite heart and lowly brows,
 Lord, I renew my broken vows.
 Grant that through this year I may
 Thy holy decalogue obey ;
 Defend me, Lord, from every evil,
 Whether of world, or flesh, or devil ;
 From angry thoughts, from envious eye,
 From pride, sloth, lust, and gluttony,
 And covetous idolatry.
 Impress, engrave, burn if Thou wilt
 The Cross on which Thy blood was spilt
 Upon my sinful heart, and fire
 My soul with holy high desire,
 So that come poverty or wealth,
 Come sickness pale or rosy health,
 Come cares, come crosses, pleasure, pain,
 I still may sing in fitting strain,
 Deeming all worldly blessings sent
 To me for others sharing meant,
 And should fiery trials rise,
 Thankful for blessings in disguise.

TO ONE ARGUING THAT A SINGLE LIFE
WAS PREFERABLE TO A MARRIED.

Oh ! say not that a single life
Has more of joys than wedded,
Or that afflictions less are felt
In one lone heart imbedded.
A single heart must hoard its joy
And cannot share its sadness ;
True wedded hearts, they halve each grief
And double every gladness.

There are who for the love of Christ
Through life's lone paths are stealing,
And some who bend beneath the cross
Of unrequited feeling ;
But few, oh ! very few, there are,
And I have never found them,
Who willingly omit to cull
Domestic loves around them.

There are who led by lust, or wealth,
Or blindly followed fashion,
Have wrecked their all to gratify
A selfish, passing passion.
By prayerless hearts, and torpid souls,
And tempers unrestrained,
And minds o'errun with worldly thoughts
Are blessings to be gained ?

True wedded love is like the Church,
 One faith one hope is there,
 And God's pure blessings seek to rest
 Upon a faithful pair.
 Are anxious cares and hopes and fears
 Of wedded life a part?
 They but enlarge the sympathies
 And form the Christian heart.

Then, oh! withdraw that cold, hard thought,
 Thy kind heart unbeseeming,
 And trust to God's wise Providence
 And not to human scheming.
 Look back upon thy wedded life
 Throughout its chequered span,
 Say, was it smiles or was it tears
 Made thee a Christian man?

THE PASSING MOMENT.

THOU feather dropt from th' Eternal wing
 As it moves o'er us in its onward course,
 Thou present portion of Eternity,
 The future's vanguard, rearward of the past,
 Thou never shalt be, never wast, thou art.
 Thou art the presence of the great I AM,
 In mercy veiled, and offering unto man
 To shape his future, mitigate his past,
 And so begin anew his course for Heaven.

Oh most abused of all God's glorious gifts !
 My heart is moment'rily charged with good ;
 I hail thy presence, to thy skirts I cling,
 Bless me, oh ! bless me, ere thou passest on.

ON SCANDAL, A FABLE,

IN IMITATION OF GAY, WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF

A FRIEND.

FAIR Lady, were I left to choose
 A subject for my humble muse,
 The very last I'd wish to handle
 Would be the one you give me—" Scandal."
 First, it is always hard to write
 On subjects other folk indite,
 And secondly, my heart 't will vex
 To paint this blemish of your sex.
 For you must know as well as I —
 I fancy now I hear you cry
 " Stop, Mr. Poet, to your theme,
 You 're getting scandalous I deem."
 Well, well, as fast as I am able
 I'll pen for you a rhyming fable.

A Moss Rose, long the garden's pride,
 Diffused its odours far and wide,
 Year after year in beauty grew,
 Yet envy nor ambition knew.

Its brilliancy and scent combined
 Raised envy in the flower-kind ;
 And first the boastful Tulip cried,
 In all the insolence of pride,
 " How long shall those disgusting Roses
 Continue to offend our noses ?
 Pray, Passion-flower did you see,
 Ever, in all your life, a tree
 With such a ragged, shapeless form,
 As if it suffered from a storm ;
 And then, (the horrid, ugly fright)
 Fennel, its scent o'ercomes me quite ;
 Besides, my friends, 'twixt you and me,
 She is no better than should be.
 Moreover too, 'tis very hard on
 Us, when Lucinda walks the garden,
 That she should lavish her addresses
 And load this thing with her caresses,
 Whilst we neglect are doomed to bear
 And pine unnoticed in despair.
 To rid us, then, let's make a push,
 What say you, Devil-in-a-bush ?" *
 Him answered thus, that crafty plant ;
 " There is a certain kind of ant,
 Or insect of the tribe of fly,
 (I know not entomology)

* I do not know whether it is provincial or not, but it is the vulgar
 name for the *NIGELLA HISPANIOLA*.

Which have such monstrous appetites
 They'd eat the wretch in a few nights,
 Therefore let's send a deputation
 Unto this plant devouring nation."

* * * *

* * *

* * *

Night passed, and morning's eager rays
 Flashed o'er the dewlit lawn,
 And tree and flower in one rich blaze
 Inhaled the breath of dawn.

And loud and clear crowed chanticleer
 To hail the beaming morn,
 Deprived of leaf, o'erwhelmed with grief,
 The Moss Rose drooped forlorn.

"Oh! why," cried she "did Nature grant
 Such bounteous charms to me,
 Since now, the scorn of every plant,
 I live in infamy?"

A few short hours, and I die
 The victim of their hate,
 By envy, spleen, and scandal I
 Am shorn of all my state."

A Fairy, who o'erheard her grief,
 Thus answered from a Lily's leaf.

" For years, sweet Rose, I've dwelt with man,
 And have observed their constant plan
 Is always to attack the fame
 Of those who bear the purest name.
 With plants, as man, the ruling passion
 Is always to ape every fashion,
 Then wonder not if flowers handle
 The weapons of detested Scandal.
 What though Lucinda passes by,
 Nor deigns to turn on thee her eye,
 What though the bee no homage pays
 As he was wont in brighter days,
 When eagerly he flew to sip
 The nectar of thy velvet lip?
 Cheer up, to-morrow's sun shall see
 Superior charms bestowed on thee;
 For as without or pride or scorn
 Your faculties you've meekly borne,
 Your future blossoms white* shall be
 As emblems of your purity,
 And should you ever chance to meet
 A flower trod under Scandal's feet,
 Blasted and blighted, shunned by all
 Without just cause, oh, then recal
 The miseries you yourself have past—
 Virtue will triumph at the last.

* The White Moss-Rose was first produced about 1806, in the garden of G. Goldney, Esq., Clifton. A branch of the Common Moss-Rose, through disease, produced white flowers, and having been layered the variety was propagated. Vid: "The Journal of a Naturalist."

IN IMITATION OF GEORGE HERBERT.

A cup of joy in most unthankful haste
 I lifted to my lips: Ere I could drink
 A shadowy hand stretched forth, and with a Cross
 Stirred its contents, changing their very nature ;
 Whilst from th' o'erhanging cloud an undertone
 I heard, that breathed of One whose word was law,
 Bidding me drink—" 'Tis bitter, Lord," I cried.
 "Drink as I drank," the awful voice replied.

Slow rising o'er the wood-crowned slopes
 Reflected on the river,
 Hail, Moon, fit type of my own hopes,
 Waning and filling ever.

At times unseen, at others dim,
 Now brilliantly bright,
 But aye obedient unto Him
 From whom thou hast thy light.

Thy tranquil unimpassioned face,
 Thou calm and silent preacher,
 Has left with me a deeper trace
 Than many an earthly teacher.

E'en now with brow serene and meek,
 O'ercast with saintly sorrow,
 Thou seemest unto me to speak
 Of brighter things to-morrow.

Then let me strive to learn of thee
 That sweet peculiar calm
 Aye proffered unto us, when we
 Our sorrows would embalm.

The sorrow that surviveth tears
 Oft wendeth on to death,
 Embalming crosses, woes, and fears
 In calm awaiting faith.

Lent, 1845.

A SKETCH.

SHE was a child of many prayers and tears.
 Her brow was calm, and clear, and beautiful,
 The seat of noble thought—Her glossy hair,
 Black as the raven's wing, on either side
 Clustered in tendrils, like the curling leaves
 Of some Corinthian capital—Her eye,
 That spoke the soul within, and mirrored forth
 The feelings of her heart, was full and dark,
 Now beaming high, now nestling in itself;
 But oftener its gentle glances stole

From that long silky fringe
 That slept upon her downy cheek. Her sweet simplicity
 Awed, while it won, the boldest gazer's heart.
 And round about her ruby tinted lip,
 And sunny brow, and fawn-like eye, there dwelt
 A gleam of ready smiles and mirth, that shewed
 Her life had numbered none but sunny hours.
 And well they might—she never had known care
 Or sin's dark grief, and love within her breast
 Dwelt, an unrisen star.

A BRIGHT mosaic work of changeful gems
 Darted across my path on glancing wing.
 Sudden it paused and o'er a lovely flower
 Brief hung suspended, seeming motionless.
 Yet still it beat the air with rapid wing,
 For clear I heard the sound, though could not see
 The movement that produced it. As I gazed,
 Like to a ray of light it shot within
 The half expanded blossom and was lost,
 For the bright hues of flower and of bird
 Were blended into one. Soon it emerged,
 And closely I surveyed its banquet hall.
 The petals were untorn and underanged,
 Nor had the golden pointed anthers lost
 Aught of their bloom ; the nectary alone,

Deprived of all its sweets, remained to prove
The spoiler had been there.



She never shewed her loss,
'Twas only when some passing suitor found
No nectar in her heart, that any deemed
Her treasures had been rifled.

WRITTEN ON THE FLY LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Types of thy gentle soul to me
In their unsullied brilliancy
These pages seem. A searching eye
May here and there a speck descry,
But still unto my partial gaze
Each leaf all purity displays,
And kind regard and care demands
As when fresh from its maker's hands.

As I would wish them aye to be
Companions meet, fair Maid, for thee,
So shall it be my constant care
To pen no idle verses there,
No extracts from half heathen lays,
No thoughts too deep for vulgar gaze,

But such as to the pensive heart
 New forms to common things impart,
 And give the mind a ready power
 To draw a moral from a flower.

Then, Stranger, ere that thou engage
 To occupy a vacant page,
 Remember, thoughts once here enshrined
 Are written on a Maiden's mind,
 And may a loss or profit bring,
 As she may read and thou may'st sing.

TO WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM,
 FOUNDER OF NEW COLLEGE OXFORD, AND ST. MARY'S,
 WINCHESTER.

O SAINTED father of a saintly race,
 I, an unworthy son, would fain proclaim
 My gratitude to thee, who didst a life
 Of holiness conclude with one great act,
 Which none before thee ever dreamed to do,
 Which none but one has dared to copy since,
 And he a king,* though fitted more to grace

* Henry VI. founder of Eton College on the model of that of Winchester, in which work he was advised by Bishop Waynflete.—Sir Henry Wotton was the first Provost of Eton. Both were Wykehamists.

A cloister than a throne. Thou sower of good seed,
 From whence have sprung such store of goodly fruit
 As Chichely, Warton, Arnold, Lowth, and Ken,
 Waynflete, and Wotton, Eton hallowed names,
 Wise Huntingford, who ruled my boyhood's years,
 Nor least of all, Howley, who sits enthroned
 On St. Augustine's chair. I seldom hear
 A week day Church bell hallowing the air
 But I remember lessons taught by thee,
 Forgotten long, yet like Baptismal vows,
 Still buried deep, in my unconscious heart,
 And carried dormant through the noisy world,
 Until a ray of light, with sorrow tipped,
 Stole, like a silent sunbeam, o'er my soul,
 And waked thy precepts into life again.

Lent, 1845.

"DID I wish for the lot of the birds of the air,
 Or long in their fleeting perfections to share;
 It is not the strength of the strongest wing,
 It is not the sweetest song that they sing,
 Nor the sapphire of their gem-like hues—
 It is not these that my heart would choose:
 My spirit the sea-bird's serenity craves,
 Composed in the tempest, at rest on the waves."

ANONYMOUS.

CALMLY on the salt sea foam
 See the ocean bird is resting,
 Watching the billows as they come,
 And tranquilly their summits cresting.

Calm and still amid the din
For all is calm and still within.

On the wave he must abide,
There he finds his daily food,
And with each returning tide
Tranquilly he skims the flood.
Should the storm wax fiercer, nigher,
He on calm wing mounteth higher.

Then, when youth and strength are past,
Calm he lays him down to die ;
And his resting place, the last,
Is known but to his Maker's eye.
Thus a Christian's life should be
On the world's tumultuous sea.

Calm above the world he moves,
Though compelled to mix therein,
All his hopes and fears and loves
Calmly soar above its din.
When the grave doth o'er him close
His peaceful rest no mortal knows.

Lent, 1848.

THE RHONE.

It is said that

"The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,"

may be traced through the Lake of Geneva.

Rhone, Rhone, glorious Rhone !
Born at the foot of the Alpine throne,
Child of the glacier's icy cave,
Issuing forth with exhaustless wave,
All pure thy source, yet thou bearest the hue
Of a purer sky on thy breast of blue.

Bounding in youth's resistless force,
Nothing may stop thy onward course,
In shade or shine, by night or day,
Still thou pressest thy onward way,
And many a weary league is past—
But thou hast reached the lake at last.

Geneva's lake is both broad and fair,
But thou mayest not tarry there ;
Thou mayest not tarnish thy azure wave,
Nor lessen the hue that thy parent gave ;
Onward thy waters their course must press,
Nor linger in sunshine and idleness.

Onward ! thy race is nearly run—
Onward ! thy goal is fairly won—

Thou hast found a home in the kindred hue
 Of the tideless ocean's expanse of blue.
 A lesson from thee I freely own,
 Thou glorious, rushing, river Rhone.

Soul, soul, wonderful soul !
 Leased to man by God's controul,
 * Fresh from the Fount of the holy wave,
 Thou art strong in the might that the Triune gave ;
 Onward ! while youth is still thine own—
 Remember the glorious, rushing Rhone.

In the noon of thy vigour onward pressing
 Heed not the treacherous world caressing,
 Seek not for rest, and e'en in age
 In strife progressive still engage ;
 And then, than the Rhone, there shall be to thee
 A far brighter lot—in eternity.

Lent, 1845.

And shall I at the Resurrection see
 Meek Moses answer for his hasty word,
 Anointed Aaron for idolatry,
 Submissive Eli in that he demurred
 From erring love to chide his children's guilt,
 The royal Psalmist for adultery
 And good Uriah's life-blood basely spilt ?

And shall I hear earnest St. Peter's tongue
Own that he thrice denied his suffering Lord,
And fled for fear whilst on the Cross he hung?
Shall I behold all this, nor feel each word
Fall doubly pointed on my conscience stung
With knowing I before my Judge have stood
With all their varied sins, but not their good?

"The nearer the spirit approaches the confines of this world, the further it sees into the next."—*ANON.*

The last words of a dying cottager with whom I was acquainted were, "Beautiful, beautiful, the room is full of Angels!"

HUSBAND, I come to thee, where thou art waving
Thy snowy pinions in the living light
Of God's own shadow,* for my spirit's craving
To share with thee those joys so purely bright.
And sing with thee in loud triumphal tone
Sweet Halleluiahs to th' Eternal Throne.

Around thee thronging, with their sun-lit eyes
And wavy radiance of their golden hair,
Expectant Angels wait me in the skies
To hail a pilgrim from this world of care,
To lead me to the footstool of the Lamb,
Before the presence of the great I AM.

"Light is but the shadow of God."—*ARISTOTLE!*

Thou only stood'st between my God and me,
 (For here I loved thee with too deep a love)
 So He, in mercy to myself, took thee,
 And bade me follow to His realms above,
 Since then one wish has filled my widowed breast,
 That I might meet thee where the wearied rest.

And now I feel within my bosom glowing
 A consciousness that I, each sin forgiven,
 Aside these fetters of corruption throwing,
 Shall rise in spirit to the gates of Heaven.
 I feel my soul each moment grow more free —
 It bursts its bonds,—Husband, I come to thee.

Love's memory's like the dream
 That Israel saw of yore,
 When angels came from heaven
 His slumbering eyes before.

Oft in the silent night
 I see the shadowy dead,
 Fond familiar faces,
 Round my lonely bed.

One fair sunny spirit
 I see before me stand,
 The sweetest and the loveliest
 Of that sweet lovely band.

There wander many stars,
 Unseen by us, as bright
 And pure and beautiful
 As those that meet our sight.

And though I see thee not,
 I feel that thou art there
 Where One from every eye
 Drieth off every tear.

Yes, there were sounds in Heaven
 Of loud triumphant song,
 To hail thy looked for coming
 The sainted ones among.

And thou wast dear to them?—
 Then doubly dear to me;
 There are many such in Heaven,
 On earth few left like thee.

THERE are who say that we should crosses make;
 The only crosses we can make are sins.
 If we stern duty's path unflinching take,
 We shall find crosses made. He who begins
 To seek out Christ must first His Cross display,
 Then follow where its "Shadow" points the way.

Oh glorious emblem of our holy faith !
 England's emblazoned sign throughout the world,
 And (may be) therefore blessed where'er unfurled.
 Oh sad memorial of our Saviour's death !
 In countless still and living forms pourtrayed,
 And daily to our eyes and hearts displayed,
 I grieve when Christian lips can speak of thee
 But as an object of idolatry.

Lent, 1845.

Come forth, for the flowers
 Have burst their green sheath,
 And the air is perfumed
 With the violet's breath,
 And the birds are re-tuning
 To love their sweet throats,
 And the streams have recovered
 Their murmuring notes.
 Come forth then, Lady.

Come forth, for the bees
 In their blossomy bowers
 Are lulling to slumber
 The sultry noon hours,
 Then come where the breezes
 Are sportive and free
 'Neath the wide spreading shade
 Of the sycamore tree.
 Come forth then, Lady.

There is care on thy brow,
 There is grief in thine eye,
 And thy quivering lip
 Scarce represses the sigh ;
 Then let the soft breath
 Of the gentle wind bear
 Its sweets to thy senses
 Its voice to thine ear.
 Come forth then, Lady.

O'er thee shall no longer
 The raven-like wing
 Of care breeding sorrow
 Its bitterness fling,
 And sickness no longer
 The power retain
 To stamp on thy brow
 The dark traces of pain.
 Come forth then, Lady.

But joy with her silvery
 Pinions so bright,
 Shall waft to thy cheek
 The sweet rose of delight,
 Add spring to thy step,
 Re-illumine thine eye,
 And the sunny smile give
 In the place of the sigh.
 Come forth then, Lady.

A FEW short fleeting years ago I stood,
 But not alone, beneath this old grey wall,
 And listened to the drowsy brooklet's fall,
 And watched the gleamings of the moon-lit flood,
 And the quick twinkle of the lattice pane
 Now darkling and now glistening again.
 Ah, little deemed I in that witching hour
 'Twas thou that made all seem so beautiful.
 Now the same sights to charm me have no power,
 And the same sweets and sounds no longer lull,
 But the same sweets are as a scentless flower,
 And the same sounds monotonous and dull.
 Yet, as I wander, Memory comes to guide
 A gentle footfall stealing by my side.

WHY silent and hushed is the laughter of gladness,
 Why dimmed with a tear is each eye,
 Why turned is gay revelry's mirth into sadness,
 Why changed is the smile to a sigh ?

Why droop the bright flowers on yonder parterre,
 Why neglected and soiled do they perish,
 Why mute is the silver-toned warbler there,
 Why absent the form that we cherish ?

She is gone, murmur those who stand weeping around,
 She is gone, echoes loneliness there,
 She is gone, shew the flowers that cumber the ground,
 She is gone, exclaims hopeless despair.

She is come, exclaims death as she bows to his fiat,
 She is come, the fair form that I crave,
 She is come, quoth the worm, how we'll revel and riot !
 She is come, moans the chill cheerless grave.

She is blessed, whispers Hope, the consoler of care,
 She is blessed, for her sins are forgiven,
 She is blessed, sings her "Angel" exulting in air,
 She is blessed, for her home is in Heaven.

WELCOME, sweet smiling Primrose, on the bank
 Of Tamar's flood, which seaward sweeps along,
 Like life unto the grave. A crowdless throng,
 A ceaseless flow of thoughts begetting song
 Come o'er me, and all gratefully I thank
 Thee for the silent lesson thou dost teach
 Mirrored upon the margin of the reach.
 Thy paleness, mixed with lustre, doth partake
 Somewhat of him whose glow is overcast
 By self reflection, watching, tears, and fast ;
 Whilst the calm breathings of the dewy lake,
 Like holy thoughts, a heaven-ward passage take.
 Farewell, dear flower, by thy side a prayer,
 Else all unuttered, fills the quiet air.

Lent, Feb. 1844.

BLAME not if I should seem to prize
 The charms that others own,—
 The softness of another's eyes,
 Or gentle-hearted tone,
 Or calm reserve, or cheerful ways,
 Or ever ready smile,
 Or modesty that shrinks from praise,
 Or soul devoid of guile.

For sometimes I in other forms
 A trace may chance to see
 Of one in all the countless charms
 That centred are in thee;—
 Like when an unexpected strain
 Comes wandering down the wind,
 A word or look will bring a train
 Of thought upon my mind,—

And each thought always with thee teems;
 The flower deprived of light
 Will turn itself to other beams
 Although but dimly bright,
 So when I meet with one who may
 Possess of thee faint traces,
 Blame not, if homage slight I pay
 In honour of thy graces.

ON THE DEATHS OF SIR JOHN M*****, AND
THE REV. GERALD P*** C****.

The former died in September 1845, and the latter in the previous March.

"Oh, Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."—WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

Oh, do not deem me boldly given
God's mysteries to unwind,
And level all the works of Heaven
Down to the human mind.

No rash unhallowed wish have I
Within the temple's veil
Those wondrous secrets to espy
At which e'en Angels pale.

And still I may not choose but pause
In wonder yet in praise,
And ask my awe-struck heart the cause
Of His mysterious ways.

Two has death stricken with his dart
I loved beyond most others,
For one was woven round my heart,
And one around my Brother's.

Called twice within one brief half year
Bereavement's pangs to brave,
I've stood by cherished C****'s bier
And honoured M*****'s grave.

One crumbled like a wave worn rock
 All silently and slowly,
 One fell beneath a sudden shock,—
 Be calm my heart and holy.

One lingered on through years of pain,
 One a few fleeting days ;—
 Now ours the suffering, theirs the gain,—
 Be still my heart and praise.

Inscrutable ! before the storm
 They fell in early prime,
 Whilst many an old and withered form
 Waits its still distant time. o

But comforts to the sorrowing breast
 With this conclusion come,—
 Just when our souls are fitted best
 God calls the wanderer home.

He does not reckon age by years*
 In His all wondrous ways,
 But faith, hope, love, and patient tears
 With Him are length of days.

* "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."—WISDOM OF SOLOMON, ix. 8, 9.

What God now does thou knowest not,
 But shalt hereafter know,
 Then, mourner, yield thee to thy lot,
 He loves who deals the blow.

ON A DYING CHILD ASKING ITS MOTHER
 FOR A KEEPSAKE.*—A FACT.

"OH, MOTHER, I am dying, Mother,
 I am wearied out with pain,
 And never shall your Willie, Mother,
 In the meadow play again :
 The sun may shine through my ivy blind,
 And 'twixt my curtains peep,
 But ne'er again shall his beams, Mother,
 Rouse your Willie from his sleep.

"This morning when the man of God
 Down by my bedside knelt,
 And prayed that peace might be with me,
 I can't tell how I felt,—
 But I heard strange whispering sounds,—
 Half solemn and half play,
 And I saw a band of children stand
 And beckon me away.

* These stanzas were written after the perusal of some on the same subject in a stray number of TAIT'S MAGAZINE. There is not, as well as I can remember, any other resemblance, beyond the last two lines of the third stanza, which are nearly identical, if not quite.

"They beckoned me away, Mother,
 And I feel that I must go,
 But yet I do not like, Mother,
 To leave you weeping so ;
 I promise never to forget you,
 And my word you'll surely take,—
 Yet give your Willie something, Mother,
 To cherish for your sake."

Who shall describe the change that stole
 O'er that sorrowing Mother's face ?
 Some dormant feeling o'er her soul
 Crept with its thrill of grace ;
 Sadly, though meekly bending
 Over her infant's head,
 Lip heart and soul together blending
 In unison, she said, —

" Six years ago, my Willie dear,
 Thee in my arms I bore
 With joy, as Christian Mothers feel,
 Within our own Church door.
 'Twas a Sunday eve, and the aisles were full,
 Yet still they all made way,
 And I westward walked to the sacred font,
 And knelt me down to pray,

" And the grey haired priest, the very same
 Who knelt this morn by thy side,
 Ere long all robed in white he came
 And stood by the mystic tide,

And in solemn tone he spake those words
 Which none but the Church may know,
 And he made the sign of the Cross divine
 Upon thy baby brow.

"That holy Cross on thy brow, Willie,
 It spoke of sins forgiven,
 It spoke of God as reconciled,
 Of saints in earth and heaven,
 And again that sign of the Cross divine
 Upon thy brow I make,—
 Then take that with thee to Heaven, Willie,
 And keep it for my sake."

She spoke,—he died; yet who shall say
 But that a cherub child
 Demons with Cross might scare away
 From us all sin defiled?
 Who knows but those whom we loved here,
 From sin and sorrow freed,
 May be permitted in their sphere
 To help us in our need?

I LOVE to move with reverent tread
 'Mid quiet shady places,
 And hold communion with the dead,
 And picture absent faces.

For then most holy thoughts I have,
And comfort deep is given;—
Oft e'en beside a stranger grave
I've made me friends in Heaven.

Sweet grave, so silent, calm, and green,
Refuge from earthly sorrow,
Of thee a Christian's heart I ween
A gentle joy may borrow.

The world may shudder at thy name,
Revolting to its pride,
Christ through thy portals went and came,—
To me thou'rt sanctified.

E'en as I muse my spirit craves
Thy inner halls to view;
My earthly hopes are in their graves,
Why not my body too?

Thou, who canst raise the slumbering dead,
To me fresh hope impart,
Or else bestow on me instead
A calm contented heart.

Come hither to me, dearest Wife,
 And seat you by my side,
 And listen to a lover's lay,
 A bridegroom to his bride ;
 For though long years have passed away
 Since first I hailed thee mine,
 A lover's and a bridegroom's heart
 Has ever, Wife, been thine.

What though thy cheek has less of bloom
 Than in thy maiden spring,
 What though thou movest silently
 Where thou was wont to sing,
 What though thy dear eyes sparkle less,
 Less buoyant too thy pace ?—
 I love thee in thy matron charms
 As in thy bridal grace.

What though stern time's unsparing touch
 Hath helped corroding care
 To silver o'er thy raven locks
 And thin thy flowing hair ?
 There rests upon my faithful heart
 One braided silken tress,—
 Both time and care that ringlet spare
 In all its loveliness.

They may not can not dim the bright
 Pure graces of thy mind ;
 They may not can not chill thy heart
 So gentle pure and kind ;

They may not can not quench one grace
 That emanates from thee :—
 Then let them wreck thy form and face,
 Thou'rt all the same to me.

And as I mark our gallant boy,
 And thoughtful dark-haired maid,
 And smiling blue-eyed cherub child
 On thy dear bosom laid,
 I lift my heart in thankful prayer
 To God for mercies given ;
 Christ grant that we united be
 (As now on earth) in Heaven.

And thus I sang me in my sleep,
 Deceitful visions weaving,
 And then I woke me but to weep,
 The painful truth perceiving:
 The purest joys life can bestow
 Are ever less than seeming :
 Not so with human griefs,—and, oh !
 There is no grief like dreaming.

But courage, heart ! for what is life
 But one continued shifting
 Of joy and sorrow, peace and strife,
 In wild confusion drifting ?
 Yet if we keep our hearts all pure,
 Of visions bright partaking,—
 We still may dream, and yet be sure
 To have a glorious waking.

LIBERTY.

The ideas contained in the first four stanzas will be found in the last page of the first volume of the "Student."

THE bird, that ne'er has known the sweets
Of joyous liberty,
Against its prison bars still beats
In struggles to be free ;

And seeks the untried pathless air
On freedom's wings to cleave,
Instinctive taught by nature there
Its birthright lost to grieve.

Thus pent within this cage of clay,
By nobler passions taught,
The soul still sickens for the day
With foreknown beauties fraught ;

And conscious that its 'prisoned wings
For other use were given,
It seeks for, spurning earthly things,
The royalties of Heaven.

But come it will, unseen, unheard,
The time for which they crave,
And death shall give both soul and bird
The freedom of the grave.

The last shall sleep a dreamless sleep,
 Free from all care and pain,
 The other from its dungeon keep
 Shall soar to life again.

I WOULD not check the patient tear
 That steals adown thy cheek,
 I would not wish thy brow to wear
 A smile less sweet or meek,
 I would not ask thee to resume
 Thy old light-hearted gladness,—
 I'd only strive to cheer thy gloom
 By sharing in thy sadness.

For suffering is a sacred thing,
 Not to be treated lightly;
 (Christ's Cross its own relief will bring
 If we but bear it rightly,)
 And when I saw thy heart was dwelling
 On one beyond our view,
 My heart with feelings would be swelling
 Worthy of him and you.

Remember, sorrow was not given
 Aye to be borne alone;
 True, we must lean for help on Heaven,
 But fellow hearts may own

A soothing charm, a "potion bland," *
 From worldly sources free;—
 Then, Lady, turn not from the hand
 That proffers aid to thee.

ON A SKETCH OF H. M. S. BELLEROPHON,

(Now in Devonport Harbour)

NEARLY ON HER BEAM ENDS IN A MEDITERRANEAN
 SQUALL.

BRAVE ship! fresh from thy native shores,
 Where thou had'st lain at ease,
 In seeming strength and might secure,
 Thou triest unknown seas.

But oh, beware! the gale oft lurks
 When least we deem it near,
 A little cloud may prove a storm
 Though all is calm and clear.

Ah, heedless one! the winds are out
 In their wild-winged career,
 I see thee struggling as for life,
 And shudd'ring as for fear.

* "The alamborous potion bland."—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Scarce saved from that tremendous doom
Now thou dost safely ride,
No longer vexed by raging storms,
Upon a tranquil tide.

Dim is his eye, and hard his heart,
Who cannot read in thee
A lesson to his wayward self,
In all humility.

Who has not left a sinless state
To tempt sin's dangerous wave,
Who has not been restored to grace
By One full strong to save?

Christ keep us ever free from storms
And dark temptation's hour,
And grant we may in safety reach
Where sin shall have no power.

I love to hear the wanton breezes fling
Their playful fingers o'er the trembling strings
Of th' Æolian lute. Oft have I listened
In breathless ecstasy to the wild-wind's song,
As in unmeasured time and long drawn note
It shed its diapason cadences
On my delighted ear. Anon 'twas hushed,—
Then, as in mockery of its plaintive strains,

For a short season the capricious wind
 Gave it a sound of ill-timed merriment.
 And thus the thoughts that vibrate through my soul
 Give forth but melancholy notes, yet still
 I love their sweetness, for they're sweet to me.
 And if sometimes a livelier chord is struck,
 I like it not :—'tis as the sunbeam's glare,
 Which piercing through the consecrating shade,
 Invades the slumber of some peaceful grave.
 For griefs long since have dug the grave of joy
 Within my heart, and where of late there dwelt
 So many spirits, now remain but two ;—
 Content that smiles upon the past and present,
 And Hope that forward points to brighter scenes.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED FRIEND,

M. C.

Long time my harp has on the willow hung
 Whilst I have sat me down to weep thereby ;
 And as the winds moaned through the wires unstrung
 My heart breathed forth a deep responsive sigh
 Laden with sorrow and with tearful thought,
 Oh ! that my heart had rest within the tomb
 (For there is rest within a Christian's grave)
 In some sequestered spot,
 Where nightingales might sing at evening gloom
 And in unplundered beauty flowerets wave.

At times I've wished for thee, thou healer, Death,
 Of broken hearts and tamer of disease,
 But oft thou carest not to take the breath
 Of them that court thee ; yet the balmy breeze
 That bears the sounds of revelry and mirth
 From unsuspecting youth, a careless race,
 Or the first vow of love, or poet's strains,
 Call thee from farthest earth ;
 Or with the mask of Fame before thy face
 Thou lurest Genius to thy hidden chains.

Where my forefathers dwelt 'tis sweet to dwell,
 Where they have died 'twill be less hard to die ;
 Would that they rested in some shady dell
 Where nature's treasures in profusion lie !
 But in a crowded city of the dead,
 Amid the hum of men and gainful strife,
 Amid unseemly laughter's mocking tone,
 Pressed by unhallowed tread
 They lie ; e'en there the worldliness of life
 Cannot respect that fate—how soon its own !

But now enough of them and me, I'll string
 To other theme my melancholy wire,
 And in a grateful strain of thee I'll sing,
 Fit subject thou for any poet's lyre.
 What, though no ties of kindred bound our hearts,
 And there were years betwixt us !—I could feel
 Thy influence, as on bright summer eves
 The spirit of the breeze imparts
 (When through thick foliage groves we hear it steal)
 A rain-like whisper to the rustling leaves.

Beauty and youth have gone down to the dust,
 And I have mourned for youth and beauty there ;
 And now the memory of the aged just.
 Though time had silvered o'er thy scanty hair,
 And God had tried thy heart, and on thy brow
 Were stamped the lines of care and long disease,
 Still was thy heart all guiltless unto man,
 If not to God ; and now
 Thou art in that pure place where sorrows cease,
 Where day is endless, and time is a span.

To me thy cheerful voice and placid smile,
 Thy thoughtful suavity and eye serene,
 Bespoke a tranquil mind all free from guile.
 And like as in far northern climes is seen
 A long continued round of darkless night,
 Where storms are all unknown, and to the eye
 Of the unwearied gazer there is given
 A flood of tempered light,—
 So o'er thy brow there shone unceasingly
 A calm essential glow derived from Heaven.*

ON SEEING A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL ON
 A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER EVE.

THAT golden cloud, throned in the purpling west
 In solitary grandeur, scarce exceeds

* " Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter
 without a sun."—LACON.

The noble beauties of yon white-winged barque,
 As silent she pursues her trackless course
 O'er the young billows of the shoreless sea.
 The yielding waves around her shining sides
 Leap in phosphoric flashes, while the sun
 His slanted rays pours o'er the molten flood
 Of "mingled glass and fire." Ah, there she rides
 The sovereign queen of the submissive deep.
 Proud fool ! perchance to-morrow's sun may see
 That summer plumaged sea-bird torn and tossed,
 A helpless toy to ruthless winds and waves.
 Where none shall hear the death shriek of her crew
 Uselessly floating o'er the stormy chaos ;
 And at to-morrow's eve the sun may gild
 Their fathomless sea-weed graves as gorgeously
 As now he paints their sovereign for the hour.

WHAT if a little child should say,—
 "There are no stars on high,
 I have been watching all the day
 And cannot one descry?"

E'en on a Mother's brow perchance
 A passing smile would be,
 In wonder at its ignorance
 And sweet simplicity.

“O silly one,” she’d fondly cry,
“Yet view them well you may,
For stars are ever in the sky,
Although unseen by day.

But when night comes beyond all doubt
You then will see them well,—
Each silver-footed star stands out,
God’s silent sentinel.

Then do not deem, my child, thy sight
Sees all the stores of Heaven ;
With God is power infinite,
To us a bound is given.

His mercies in each daily deed
The deepest truths conceal,
Which careless Christians cannot read,
Nor thoughtful scarce reveal.

But when our little day is past
Of lights and shadows blended,
And when our night is come at last,
And time for labour ended.

When we shall lay us down to sleep,
’Twill be no dream to see
Spirits like stars on Heaven’s steep,
A glorious company.

Then we shall know a countless host
 Have aye been hovering o'er us,
 Both those who were ere man was lost,
 And those who've gone before us.

And ever as our Christian years
 Complete their holy rounds,
 The Church their memory reveres
 Who have been faithful found."

And now that one by one dark Death
 My friends from me is stealing,
 God grant me this,—a Christian's faith,
 And not a poet's feeling.

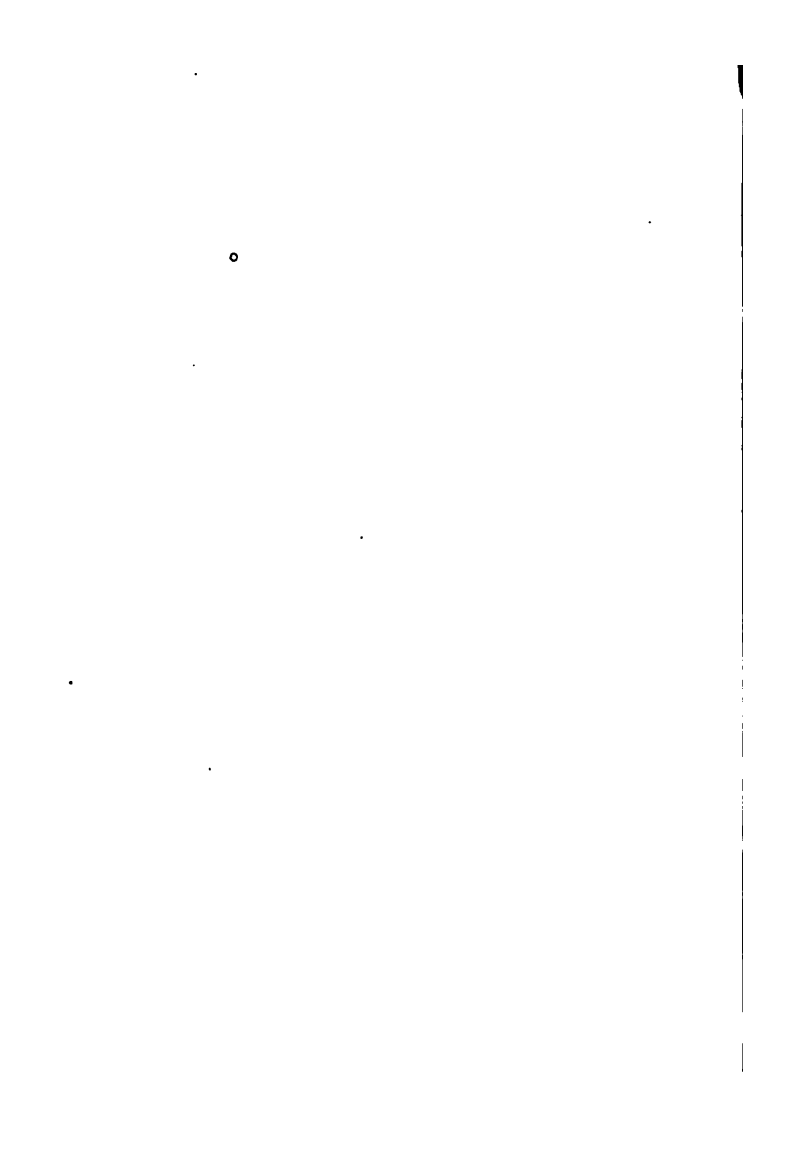
All Saints Day, 1845.

"Parve, nec invideo, sine me liber ibis in urbem."—
 OVID.

CHILD of my thoughts, Benoni of my heart,
 Offspring of weary solitary hours,
 Which thou hast comforted my little Book,
 Go forth into the world and leave me here.
 Perchance, amid its vast tumultuous throng,
 Souls like mine own thou mayest meet, and give
 To them the solace thou hast given to me,
 Creating sympathy with stranger hearts.

And who shall say but that thy piteous tale*
 Of tens of thousands of a Christian land,
 Crowded together in a helpless town,
 Without or Church, or School, or Pastor's care,
 May rouse a Missionary zeal for home,
 And call forth some like him, the unknown one,
 Who reared of late St. Saviour's Church at Leeds.
 And oh! if thou should'st meet that severed heart
 Which once I deemed all mine, and never thought
 That I could lean upon too hardly, till
 Its patience snapped beneath my trying weight
 Like a frail reed:—if thou should'st meet it, say,
 Life is too short for quarrels, flesh is weak,
 And souls must not in anger parted be
 Here upon earth, that hope to meet in Heaven.
 Say that I own, with contrite heart, that I
 My deep conviction in unmeasured words,
 As is too oft my wont, o'er warmly gave,
 Paining the mind that could not be convinced.
 Plead thou my daily thoughts and frequent tears,
 And hopes and wishes growing into prayers,
 And sad remembrance dwelling at my heart
 Even in laughter, (for many a page
 Can witness forth the impress of my soul.)
 And if all this avail not, bear with thee
 My blessing on the unrelenting heart,
 And leave me here with thoughts of blessings past.
 Then whilst I bide in my secluded nook,
 Go on thy errands forth, my Little Book.

* See Preface.



ADDITIONAL POEMS

TO SECOND EDITION.

TO L. F. ON HER WEDDING DAY.

A CLOUDLESS morn, a day bedimmed at times
 With passing showers, a quiet even-tide,
 Serene and bright, prolonged to curfew chimes,
 And then a glorious sunset, gentle Bride,
 Sweet Sister of my new found love, to thee
 I offer these best wishes of my heart.
 A few short hours ago thou wast to me
 But as a thing of promise, now thou art
 As though thou 'dst never been aught else then twined
 Around my heart from childhood's earliest hours ;
 And where thy Husband has been aye enshrined
 Thy unobtrusive love assumes its powers,
 Never I trust to perish or to fade
 'Till death dissolve the ties this day hath made.

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF THE

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

DEAR Keble, fond familiar name,
 I love thee as my Brother,
 He will not grudge my heart to share
 With thee and but one other;
 Ye twain together moulded me
 When softened by affliction,
 One by example, one by song
 Of blended truth and fiction.

I ne'er have met thee face to face,
 Or grasped thy proffered hand,
 But heart to heart I've mused with thee
 In a dreamy spirit land,
 So when thy portrait met my view,
 There needed none to tell
 I gazed upon that gentle face
 I loved so long and well.

Sweet source art thou of many a joy,
 And many a soothing sorrow;
 Of thee when troubled and distressed,
 Bright gleams of hope I borrow;
 With thee, my guide, our Church's call
 I follow and revere
 Each holy fast and festival
 Within the Christian Year.

I scarce have climbed life's mountain brow,
 But should I reach its vale,
 And children's children round me throng
 To hear an old man's tale,
 When ask they,—“Who did most reclaim
 An age in spirit feeble?”
 Mine shall kindle as I name
 “The Christian Poet, Keble.”

Lady Day, Lent, 1846.

Oh! for one ringlet of thy flowing hair,
 And I would wear it ever next my heart,
 Treasuring with a delicious painless care
 This fragment of thy beauty as a part
 Of mine ownself, or rather, sweet, of thine.
 No treasure seeker for an unknown mine,
 But a keen miser, I now seek to hoard
 In my heart's cells all that thy heart can spare.
 Oh! for one ringlet of thy flowing hair
 As a first rich instalment to be stored.
 Grant but my boon, and though time have the power
 To blanch thy brow with his all-scathing wing,
 I'll treasure on to life's last lingering hour
 This one unchanging token of thy spring.

How calmly beats the heart
 When Hope is gone,
 And over dark Despair
 The victory won,
 When meek submissive Faith,
 With her dimmed tearful eyes,
 In silence waits the rod
 Uplifted to chastise.

When once the mind surrenders
 All it holds dear,
 Then comes indifference
 To hope or fear,
 And thus the heart lives on
 Without or joy or care,
 And life becomes less hard
 As we less burdens bear.

But, oh! if less the weight,
 Still less the stay
 To prop our feeble steps
 Through life's dark way;
 Oh! Lord of Life and Light,
 On thee our all we cast,
 So that Thou bringest us
 To Life and Light at last.

Lady Day, Lent, 1846.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

OH sin, sin, sin,
 Thou hast been my guest to day,
 And one has brought another,
 As is ever thus the way,
 And thou and thy fell crew
 Your orgies vile have kept
 In the room which yester-morning
 Was garnished fair and swept.

There crept into my heart
 An idle wish, at first
 Unnoticed, and then cherished,—
 In open sin it burst ;
 My self-relying pride
 Refused to rest on One
 Who self-denying died
 Lest I should be undone.

Thy temple, all defiled
 And made a heap of stones,
 Do thou O Lord rebuild
 In pity to my groans ;
 My tears are flowing fast,
 Thy healing Grace restore,
 And grant that it may last
 Both now and evermore.

Oh, what a glorious day for tranquil thought !
 The air is misty with a floating glow,
 And quivering with sounds of insect mirth.
 The stream, that erst prosed on its dullard's tale,
 Now smoothly rushes on its silent course,
 As though it had no time to leap and play.
 The very breeze is redolent of Spring,
 And things all meaningless to common eyes
 Flash into life beneath a Poet's gaze.
 Oh, tis a glorious day ! well may I feel,
 Lulled by the melody of falling thoughts,
 A calm delight unlike a worldling's joy.

Lent, March 11th, 1846.

Crocus bright, and snowdrop pale,
 Speckled prophet* of the gale,
 Seated high on topmost bough ;
 Welcome, welcome are ye now,
 Songless birds and scentless flowers,
 First signs of spring's returning powers.

Ere the flowers pass away
 To their infantine decay,
 The sweet-breathed violet comes along,
 And the red-breast with his song ;

* The storm, or missel thrush is the first bird which attracts our notice.

Tuneful birds and scented flowers
Give signs of spring's maturer powers.

But sweeter lark and nightingale,
And odorous lily of the vale,
And gorgeous rose and tulip's pride
All thrust spring's offerings aside ;
In pomp of song and glare of flowers
Summer assumes unbounded powers.

When summer's songsters all are flown,
When the myrtle's wreaths are gone,
And scarce a lingering star is seen
On its firmament of green ;
In that dark and dreary hour
Discarded joys resume their power.

© Oh, the redbreast's autumn song ! —
On our fading memories throng
With the autumn violet's breath
Holy thoughts of coming death ;
Summer's joys have lost their power,
Spring revives in autumn's hour.

The violets of my youth are dead ;
Oh my Saviour shield my head
From the ills that round me throng,—
Summer's heats are fierce and strong,
And in my dark autumnal hour
Oh give me back my spring-tide's flower.

Lent, March 2nd, 1846.

On the oak tree's boughs no life is seen,
 Yet still he wears a garland green ;
 For though the winter has stripped him bare,
 The miseltøe weaves his chaplet there.

His pearly seeds the miseltøe weaves
 With the emerald green of his velvet leaves,
 And a coronet made from his glistening boughs
 Bedecks the forest monarch's brows.

And ever thus may I kindness show
 To the meanest creatures here below,
 Since they have power in realms above
 To weave for me a crown of love.

Lent, February 28th, 1846.

C

WOULD that I were ready,
 And thou wert at hand, Death,
 Mine eye it would brighten
 To witness thee stand, Death,
 With thy long snowy robes,
 And thy countenance bland, Death,
 And thy uplifted arm,
 And thy balanced brand, Death,

For I'm sick and weary
 Of all upon earth, Death,
 For all has been trouble
 And sin from my birth, Death,
 And I have had small joy
 In the world's hollow mirth, Death,
 Since sorrow first taught me
 To value its worth, Death.

The wicked, they deem thee
 A terrible thing, Death,
 And talk of the horrors
 And pains thou dost bring, Death,
 But the good represent thee
 As having no sting, Death,
 And painless and pointless
 The dart thou dost fling, Death.

But I am not ready,
 And thou would'st appear, Death,
 As a terrible being,
 When thou didst come near, Death,
 With thy fleshless bones,
 And thy garments sere, Death,
 And threatening look,
 And front severe, Death.

Yes, truly thou stalkest
 A skeleton grim, Death,
 When the sight of the evil
 Is fading and dim, Death ;

When the sight of the righteous
In darkness doth swim, Death,
Thou seemest an Angel
To lead them to Him, Death.

Lent, March 13th, 1846.

You ask me why I do not roam
Upon an alien shore?
One reason true I will give you,
Though I could give you more.

A little brook flows through my lawn,
Its width is scarce a stride,
And yet than it more easily
I'd cross the ocean's tide.

Before my low-browed house two limes
Shed essence on each breeze,
No foreign groves can yield such sweets
As those twin linden trees.

There's not a spot in all the glen
But was to childhood dear,
And now that childhood's past away,
Its memories I revere.

Yes, I may stand on Athens' height,
 Or Roma's seven hills,
 And read my school-boy dreams aright
 'Mid wild tumultuous thrills.

Or I might stand by the fearful sea
 That drinks fierce Jordan's wave,
 Or I might weep on Calvary,
 And kneel beside His grave.

Yes, dreamy pleasures, holy fires
 May tempt my heart to roam,
 But still, in spite of my desires,
 Love chains me to my Home.

God's common gifts are all too good for me.
 Come, kind Affliction, handmaid of the Lord,
 Christ's friendly help, the Comforter disguised,
 Come, lay thy hand upon my fevered brow
 High-wrought and flushed by worldly joys and thoughts,
 Untempered by thy touch. E'en as I spoke
 There forth from the dim void advanced a form
 As of a maiden in her latter spring
 Of youth. Her looks were calm yet overcast
 With a slight shade of melancholy sweetness
 With resolution mingled, as if she felt
 Her duty painful. Adown her taper neck

Floated her silken tresses, and her eye
 Full of determination, unsubdued
 By aught beside the drooping gentleness
 Of its long fringe, was fastened upon mine.
 Without a moment's pause she onward came,
 And every movement of her pliant feet
 Played upward through her lithe and sinuous frame.
 Onward she came, and with a placid smile
 She laid her hand upon my fevered brow.
 I ope my eyes,—dear friend, and was it thou?

Lent, March 14th, 1846.

Oh, Christ! our very souls are put
 In one another's power.—

FABER.

UPON the very threshold have we stood
 And gazed upon the tempting scenes within,—
 Yet turned away; still are we both imbued
 With the sad taint of an incipient sin,
 And we have oped the door for many a flood
 Of future evil thoughts to enter in.
 It boots not now to ask who led the way,
 (Though thou did'st first thy erring steps retrace
 To where thy weeping Angel veiled his face
 In sorrow at the sight) but let us pray
 That as once in a weak unguarded hour
 We took the downward path, so now may we
 By earnest penitence regain the power
 To fit each other for Eternity.

THE MOON.—A FRAGMENT.

Thou Royal Wanderer ! I hail thee there
Watching this troubled world with placid eye,
Begirt with many a tributary sphere
Chaunting sweet melody ;
And the unfettered breezes of the sky
Pay sportive homage, as they lightly blow
The clouds from thee like ringlets from a maiden's
brow.

Men call thee melancholy, pale, and sad,
I wonder not that thou art so, the eye
Meets little here on earth the heart to glad,
And much to make it sigh.
Thou from thy firmamental throne on high
Far more of our unclouded griefs hast seen
Than yonder flaunting Sun careering in his sheen.

Day wears apace, and at the approach of night
How soon is fashion's masking laid aside,
The eyes that erst so gaily wore delight,
Beaming with joy or pride,
Now pour forth sorrows in full gushing tide,
And the rent heart gives up Affection's dead,
Yet treasured still within their living charnel bed.

WHEN God first touched my heart with grief
 For long continued sin,
 I thought there was no fiend on earth
 More foul than I within.

I deemed myself the vilest thing
 Of all God's living creatures,
 Until I found in other souls
 The self-same fearful features.

Then flattery to my sins I laid
 Whilst pondering on another's,
 "This is a wicked world," I said,
 "But I'm not worse than others."

But suddenly a chastening thought
 Across my conscience ran,
 "God judges only by Himself,
 Compare not man with man."

ON NEWMAN'S JOINING THE ROMISH CHURCH.

YEs, rightly did judicious Hooker say
 That highest wisdom in belief consists.
 Mere science, like a meteor, goes astray,
 Blinds, dazzles, troubles, and is lost in mists.
 But heavenly wisdom, guided from above,
 Shaping the soul-like mind that never dies,

Goes on from strength to strength, from love to love,
 Child in its own, giant in others' eyes,
 Oh ! woe for those who've never walked aright,
 Oh ! deeper woe for those who've gone astray,
 Relinquishing the paths of truth and light
 To grope along dark error's dangerous way.
 Oh, sickening thought, through Christian hearts to
 pass—

“Nehushtan, thou art but a thing of brass !”

Yea, Orleans, boast of La Pucelle,
 And Patay's bloody plain,
 Where thy glad walls beheld a sight
 They ne'er will see again,—
 An English host discomfited
 Before a woman's sword,
 And the salic crown of humbled France
 By a woman's hand restored.

Oh, mourn o'er Superstition
 With her wild dreamy eyes,
 But turn from the sneer of the Infidel
 And his wisdom cold despise.
 Then scorn not those of a darker age
 If they trusted more than right,
 Worse fault is theirs who in brighter days
 In darkness still delight.

Yes, boast of thy ancient glories,
 Thou city of by-gone kings,
 But let not thy vain memory dwell
 On only earthly things ;
 Shame on those who honour due
 From Christian worth with-hold,
 Or scan with a too searching eye
 The chronicles of old.

The rose leaves which the storm has shed
 Retain uncertain hues,
 Though still for long their withered scrolls
 A fragancy diffuse ;
 And thus the odours of the past
 Live on through countless ages,
 Though time may weave its fictions wild
 With the truth of history's pages.

Eurnurchus,* Bishop good and true
 Of Orleans' holy see,
 We will not stop to question now
 Things told concerning thee,
 For whether true or whether false
 The scenes tradition paint,
 Enough it is for us to know
 There lived and died a saint.

Lent, March, 1846.

* Eurnurchus, of whom many idle and fabulous legends are told, was Bishop of Orleans in the 4th century.

Oh, one might almost wish and pray,
 In these last waning hours,
 For persecution to display
 Its half-awakened powers,
 As then we might more clearly know
 The real friend from secret foe.

For patient Love has suffered long
 From a backsliding race,
 And man has turned himself to wrong
 And spurned Redeeming Grace;
 But wrath may with that love combine
 To cleanse the long polluted shrine.

But, oh, what if be heard our prayer
 And persecution come;—
 The Puritan is in his lair,
 And wily hearted Rome
 Looks from her throne upon our isle
 With her deceitful, dangerous, smile.

And what if in that trying hour
 Our coward hearts should fail?—
 Then let us strive to gain that power
 'Gainst which all others fail,
 That power which cometh from on High
 And e'en in death brings Victory.

In silence let our hearts recal,
 Ere yet our faith is dim,
 That Holy One who died for all,
 And those who've died for Him ;
 So shall our fearless tongues proclaim
 The Lord of Glory from the flame.

Thou, Who upon the hated tree
 Did'st seal thy work by death,
 Grant us Thy servants grace to be
 Firm to our latest breath,
 Whether that breath be drawn in calm,
 Or spent to win a Martyr's Palm.

AWAKE, arouse thee from thy trance,
 Resume thy spear and shield,
 Call forth thy slumbering forces, France,
 And lead them to the field ;
 Let plous zeal and holy wrath
 Each warrior bosom swell,
 Sweep superstition from thy path,
 Dash down the infidel.

Recal to mind thy ancient days
 When purer faith existed,

When nations 'neath the Saviour's Cross
 In earnest truth enlisted,
 When Clovis, king, the saving sign
 From Rheims' saint* received,
 And priests those simple doctrines taught
 So rarely now believed.

The Gospel trump is ringing clear
 O'er other lands than ours,
 E'en, France, thine inattentive ear
 Must own its stirring powers ;
 Then furbish up thy rusted mail,
 Gird on thy weapon bright,
 Let those thy Christian sloth who wail
 Now view thy Christian might.

Awake, arise, peal forth the cry
 Of thine Apostle's name,
 Awake, arise, lift up on high
 Thy Church's Oriflamme,
 Awake, arise, His dear Son's cause
 God will in some way bless,
 Awake, arise, no longer pause
 In fearful listlessness.

* Remi, or Remigius, was Archbishop of Rheims during a large portion of the 5th and 6th centuries. Having baptised King Clovis and his followers, and converted the nation to Christianity, he is sometimes called the Apostle of France.

Dear old hereditary foe !
 (For human passions blind us)
 Thrice cursed be he who strikes a blow
 At those few links that bind us.
 Oh, let us pray that, day by day,
 Our different errors mended,
 Each may hold on their separate way
 Till both in one be blended.

THE END.

